

# Magazine Feature Section

## The Holocaust

By Walt Gregg.

As he nonchalantly lounged in his chair, Wo Lee turned the pages of the Chinese Daily World and pored over the photographs and symbols thereon with consuming interest. As he read, his wizened face, brown and wrinkled as the skin of an overdone baked apple, puckered about the eyes until it seemed at the point of bursting, while the eyes themselves glinted and scintillated like those of a snake. The owner was amazed, not to say alarmed, at some item of news in the paper, and he proclaimed the fact by a series of sharp intakes of his breath and many nervous, furtive glances which, from time to time, he cast around the room as though he feared interruption. All was quiet, however, and gradually, as he continued his reading, he became more and more absorbed, until he finally forgot this precaution. Thus it was that he failed to heed the soft opening of the door behind him.

"Well, you have discovered it, I see," said a deep, calm voice, in Chinese.

Wo Lee's diminutive figure stiffened, and his breath, hastily expelled with a long-drawn whistling sound, seemed to leave his body for good. For a long minute, as though suddenly turned to stone, he never moved, but sat hunched over the paper, staring straight before him in a kind of daze. Then, by a strong effort of will, he forced himself to speak.

"You have come, oh, Master!" he wailed in rasping sing-song, without shifting his position so much as a hair's breadth. He seemed afraid to turn and confront the intruder.

"I have come," the visitor—he was very large and very heavily built for a Chinaman—stepped into the room and sat down. There was a cunning gleam in his narrow eyes as he turned them on the cowering form of the other, but his face was as expressionless as a mask. "I have come to see that there shall be no mistake," he continued, in his deep tones. "You know the penalty."

"I do, oh, Master; but I would that another had been chosen. This man is as a brother to me."

"The Tong has ordered, and the Tong must be obeyed," intoned the big man, sonorously.

"True; but this—"

"Enough. There is no time for excuses," the other interrupted fiercely,

while for an instant his imperturbable face was convulsed with an awful fury. "You know our law. This dog, this worm, this unclean fratricide must die! You have been chosen. Obey, or—"

He paused and shrugged his shoulders significantly. At the beginning of this outburst Wo Lee shrank back in terror, glancing about him stealthily, like a cornered rat. He was badly frightened, and for several minutes he sat still. Then, with fingers which visibly trembled, he laid down his paper and faced the other, moistening his parched lips as he did so.

"It is enough, I will obey," he said submissively. "I have been chosen. 'So be it then. You have two days. There must be no error. On the night of the third day the Tong must have proof that its enemy has been removed. You know the penalty of disobedience. See that you are not made to suffer it.'"

Wo Lee shuddered and dropped his head upon his hands in utter helplessness.

"It is enough," he repeated, hoarsely. "I will obey."

Silently, but with a smile of devilish, malignant triumph on his wooden countenance, the big Tong leader arose and stalked majestically out of the room. Left alone, Wo Lee sank dejectedly against the table and stared before him with unseeing eyes. He knew what was expected of him, and he knew that he must carry out his orders. Ah Ty had offended the Tai-Ping, and he was doomed. From the very first Wo Lee had realized this; but he had hoped that some other than himself might be chosen to remove him. Ah Ty was his best, almost his only close friend; and yet, by some devilish trick of Fate, he had been picked by his Tong leaders to kill their enemy. Within two days he must by some means—the method was left to his own choice—dispose of his friend in such a manner that all Chinatown would know of his death. It does not pay for one to conspire against his Tong.

For many hours Wo Lee sat in silent loneliness, puzzling his brains for a way out of his difficulty; but he could think of none. Ah Ty was doomed. No power on earth could save him. Wo Lee was ready and willing to make any personal sacrifice for his friend—he would gladly change places with him and die in his stead; but he knew that this could make no difference. If he failed to carry out the directions of the

Tong, another would be appointed in his place. Nothing could save Ah Ty unless—

Suddenly, like an inspiration direct from Heaven, an idea forced itself into the little Chinaman's brain. There was just one way to cheat the Tai-Ping of its revenge and at the same time insure his friend's safety. One way for him to pay his debt of gratitude and friendship to Ah Ty. Did he dare take it? For a while he pondered this, then, with the air of one who has made up his mind to see his duty unflinchingly to an end, cost what it may, he got up and crossed the room.

Taking an ink-pot and a small pointed brush from a shelf, he sat down again and rapidly wrote a short message in Chinese, which he folded and concealed in the sleeve of his blouse. Pausing only long enough to look up his little store, he shuffled away down the street.

It was almost dark and nearing the hour when San Francisco's Chinatown awakens from the slumber of lethargy which possesses it during the daytime. Here and there dark, silent figures flitted ghostlike from door to door, or disappeared in the mouths of the many crooked alleys. There was, to the initiated, an air of suppressed activity in these quiet comings and goings, although, for the most part, the houses which lined both sides of the narrow streets were dark, silent, forbidding; outwardly, at least, showing no sign of the nightly orgies which took place within.

While a few show restaurants and theaters are maintained for revenue, derived from globe trotters, tourists, and eastern "hangers-on," the real life is hidden from Anglo-Saxon eyes, business and pleasure of Chinatown. Like a huge rabbit warren in its maze of secret passageways and under-ground homes, the place has never been wholly revealed to any white man. There are countless numbers of hidden resorts, veiled by humble exteriors, where, in reckless luxury, the wily Chinamen indulge in every pleasure that money can buy, or sensual appetites crave.

Opium-smoking dens, gambling palaces, eating-houses to tempt an epicure, all these are judiciously concealed in winding alleys or narrow hillside streets. From the suave, silent Chinese merchants, handling their hundreds of thousands annually, to sly smugglers, crafty desperadoes, and cruel highlanders—all the initiated in these sumptuous resorts are free with their gold, ready with their weapons,

and merciless in sin and shame. No alien can ever fathom the workings of the Oriental mind.

Silent and inconspicuous in dress, Wo Lee made his way past dozens of these artfully hidden dens until he finally paused before an unpretentious dwelling at the corner of a side street. Right and left he opened a small door and slipped within. Inside, as he expected, it was dark and still; Ah Ty was never home at this hour. But like one accustomed to his surroundings Wo Lee shuffled into a back room and laid the note, which he took from his sleeve, in a place where he knew his friend would be sure to find it before morning. Thus, as noiselessly as he had come, the little Chinaman stole outdoors again. On the way back to his own house he stopped at a drug shop, where he made several purchases; afterward, with a bulky package under one arm, he proceeded on his way.

This night Wo Lee played the leading role in a wild, riotous debauch. Making his way from place to place in the underworld, he gambled and drank with a prodigality seldom seen in a Chinaman. Money flowed from him like water; and the members of the Tai-Ping who saw him winked knowingly at each other. They read, or thought they read, the signs correctly. He was fortifying himself against the task that lay before him. Smiling inscrutably, Wo Lee picked his way along past closed shutters, grated windows, and barred doors, which even the bravest of San Francisco policemen dared not violate alone. There were regions, apparently innocuous, where only a strong squad of well-armed veterans of the city force ventured to go after night-fall.

Wo Lee finally turned into a humble doorway and exhibited a little red ticket, with Chinese characters on it, to a brawny doorkeeper, whose wadded vest bulged with two pistols. With a smile, the guard called a softly gliding Chinese lad.

Past several doors, where parties of unseen guests were gayly supping, Wo Lee was shown through varied apartments, all splendid with costly fittings from the Far East. He sighed gently as he caught the rustle and "frou-frou" of disappearing women's skirts. Here under the lanterns and silken hangings, amid undreamed-of splendor, concealed behind a more brown wooden tenement front, was the faint, sickish-sweet tinge of opium smoke, the odor of wines, and the fragrant tang of costly Havanas. Locked in these dim haunts of debas-

ing luxury, with their passages and underground tunnels from street to street, were hidden the bright-eyed women of different lands, who knew the inner secrets of San Francisco's remorseless and merciless Chinatown. At the end of a maze of passages and narrow stairways Wo Lee was finally conducted into a low-ceiled, hazy, sickish-odored room. Numerous bunks and divans lined its walls, while in the center a shriveled, mummy-faced Chinaman sat humped over a brazen lamp. With a nod to this attendant, Wo Lee sank upon a couch and waited until he could be furnished with a pipe and sufficient opium to give him the repose and surcease that his soul craved. His plans were all arranged, and he intended to spend the interval before their consummation in the indulgence of, to him, the most sublime of all pleasures.

Day came and went, and it was night again when Wo Lee finally arose from his couch, paid his reckoning, and left the opium house. Leaden-eyed and half sick from his debauch, he went home and picked up the bundle which he had left there the previous evening; then, after one long look around the little shop, he made his way to Ah Ty's dwelling.

Here, when he had assured himself that the windows were secure and closely shuttered, he struck a match and lighted a smoky lamp. The house, as before, was deserted; but Wo Lee seemed to be thoroughly at home. He knew, even before he read the communication which he found hidden beneath a loose board in the floor, that his friend was by then well on his way to Los Angeles, where he had relatives who would aid him to conceal himself until he could get out of the country. He would lose no time once he knew that Tai-Ping had decreed his death.

With inscrutable, masklike face, Wo Lee set about his preparations for deceiving the Tong into the belief that Ah Ty had been murdered according to orders. Without haste, but with the steady method and determination of one who has a definite purpose in view, he placed a quantity of paper and cotton waste against the wooden walls and flimsy hangings of the room, piled over them such articles of furniture as he could easily move. Then he took a large bottle from his bundle and sprinkled its contents over everything until the place reeked with the odor of naphtha.

After a final look around the room, in which his keen little eyes saw every detail of his arrangements, Wo Lee locked and barred the front door and

stealthily crept out of the back of the house.

Crossing a wide court, he stopped in the darkness of a deep archway and knocked softly on a small door. For a moment he waited, then, as the door swung open, he dodged inside and confronted an old, wrinkled Chinaman, who stood blinking at him in the dim light of a tallow dip. For several minutes the two talked softly in Chinese; then the old man turned and slipped off down the passageway.

In a low-studded, musty room, dark and damp as a cellar, the old man paused and bent over a shrouded object which lay on a small platform. With a faint shudder and a half-fearful glance at several other covered figures, lying dim and motionless at the other end of the bench, Wo Lee lifted the sheet and gazed at the body it had covered. After a brief glance, which sized up the dead man from head to foot, he turned to the keeper of the morgue and nodded.

Without a word the old man set down his candle and wound the sheet tightly around the corpse. Then the two men lifted it and retraced their steps to the little door by which Wo Lee had entered the building. In the shadow of the archway they put down their burden, and Wo Lee handed his companion something which clinked musically. With a bow and a murmured word or two in Chinese the ancient stepped inside again and closed the door.

When a careful scrutiny of the neighborhood had convinced him that no spying eye observed his movements, Wo Lee holstered his grisly burden on to his shoulder and staggered back to Ah Ty's.

Carrying the body to the front room, he placed it on a couch and fastened a metal-bowled opium pipe in the icy fingers of one hand; then he stood back and surveyed his work approvingly. The dead man lay in Ah Ty's house, and if—Wo Lee grunted in deep satisfaction, and hastened to complete the final details of his scheme.

He left the lower floor and went upstairs, where for some time he worked busily in the darkness, opening a number of doors and windows. At last, when a faint breeze began to rustle the faded curtains and hangings of the interior, he crept noiselessly below again. Back in the room where he had left the body, he stooped over a pile of oil-drenched cotton-waste, and was in the act of striking a match, when his jaw drop-

ped suddenly and an expression of incredulity, not unminged with fright, appeared on his face. The dead body which only a few minutes before had lain still and rigid on the couch, was gone!

For an interval of perhaps five minutes Wo Lee stared at the empty couch in horrified fascination, while little beads of sweat slowly formed on his yellow face and neck. Then, as his first spasm of superstitious horror was replaced by a full realization of what had actually occurred, he straightened up and looked behind him. As he suspected, the door was partly open. He had forgotten to lock it, and the old Chinaman had followed him. Now, safe in the depths of his evil-smelling, ghostly den, the keeper of the dead was probably chuckling over the success of his coup. After selling the body for a good price, he had stolen it back again.

As these thoughts flashed through Wo Lee's head a grin of devilish hate and rage showed for an instant on his lips, and his hand sought the handle of his knife. The idea of following the thief and settling accounts with him for good and all had crossed his mind; but the next second he dismissed it with a hopeless shake of his head. The old man would be on his guard for the rest of that night, at least, and time was very precious.

A groan of despair burst from Wo Lee's lips as he considered this. It was too late to buy another body; furthermore, he hadn't money enough. He was doomed. Caught in the jaws of his own trap! Ah Ty was safe; but the Tong was yet to be satisfied. There was only one way left, and—

Like most Chinamen, Wo Lee was a fatalist, and his mind once made up, he did not hesitate. Stooping, he deliberately struck a match and applied it to the naphtha-soaked hangings. Then, as the room burst into a sheet of flame, he raised himself to his full height and his right hand, holding a long, glistering knife, rose and fell rapidly. The next instant he pitched forward onto the blazing couch.

That night a raging fire threatened for a time to engulf a large portion of San Francisco's Chinatown, although it was eventually subdued after a hard fight on the part of nearly a hundred firemen, who managed to confine the blaze to the block in which Ah Ty's dwelling was located. Next morning a careful search of the ruins revealed a number of charred bones and a twisted bit of steel, which caused the police to form the theory that Ah Ty was the victim of suicide.

## Where The Necklace Went

By Annette Angert

BORUCH HALL is an institution of the East Side; it stands in one of the best known streets in that section, and there never is a night when it is not the scene of festivities. Sometimes it is a merry wedding; then it may be the feast that follows the tying of the nuptial knot; some well-to-do parents may be holding the Bar mitzvah of a favorite son in Boruch Hall.

The building is three stories high; on the ground floor is a large cafe and restaurant; on the second floor there are weddings and suppers and dances, and on the third floor Anarchists' meetings are held.

Mrs. Leah Goldberg was well known in society, and had been for years, strangely enough, although she had a fortune, she had lived more years than she cared to admit and still was a miss. Finally Isador Levi, without the suggestion of Schatchen, began to pay attention to the wealthy woman, and soon he was her accepted husband. An engagement party was given in Boruch Hall, and Isador received many congratulations.

The match was regarded as a good one for him, as it was known that he had no money saved up and drew but a modest salary for his work as clerk in the store of the well-known clothier, Jacob Steinfeld. There was no question about it that Mrs. Leah Goldberg had plenty of money, too, for her father, old Lazarus Goldberg, had been a business partner for many years of Moses Goldberg, pawnbroker, his first cousin and a successful pawnbroker.

When Lazarus passed away he left everything he had to his daughter, and it was the surprise of her associates that she remained single as long as she did. Surely Isador Levi was a lucky man, a woman, who, while she had no beauty, was regarded as a good match.

After the engagement supper six months were to elapse before the wedding, and it was noticed by his associates at the Steinfeld store and his friends outside that Isador had become extremely thoughtful. It was his approaching marriage, it was supposed, that had got his bride for a wedding gift. It had to be something fine, for she was rich herself, and a poor present was not the thing. Besides that, Isador must conceal his poverty from his friends, otherwise it would get around that he was marrying for money, and his bride would bear of it. He did wish her money,

but it was a secret that he kept to himself. He wished to make a great display at the wedding of a wonderful gift to his bride, and especially did he wish to dazzle the guests' eyes at the wedding supper that was to follow afterward in Boruch Hall.

After several months of planning and scheming Mr. Levi obtained an interview with Mr. Moses Goldberg, this was shortly before the time fixed for the marriage. The interview was satisfactory, and Mr. Levi exchanged an invitation to the wedding and the supper that followed with Mr. Goldberg for a small package which he carefully pinned inside his waistcoat.

Mr. Levi was very cheerful as he made his way to the bride's own house shortly before the wedding, and in a pleasant speech presented to her a diamond necklace containing 53 stones, some of considerable value.

The wedding moved off smoothly; there were no jilted rivals to sow at the bridegroom and no lorn maids to hate the bride.

Then came the great supper, which began at 8 o'clock in the evening in Boruch Hall. Everything that was good to eat was served, and there were toasts and speeches and songs. A professional quartet from a vaudeville theater came around and contributed to the enjoyment of the guests. And at the head of the table sat the bride, Leah Goldberg, now Mrs. Levi, radiant, resplendent, with the bridegroom's gift, the diamond necklace, sparkling on her neck, and admired by every one. It was even referred to in several of the speeches.

Moses Goldberg had placed his assistant, Emanuel Freund, opposite him at the feast with rigid instructions to call on his master for a speech in the event that no-one else did. Along about 9 o'clock Mr. Rheinheimer, also a pawnbroker and a warm rival of Mr. Goldberg, made his third speech. Mrs. Goldberg nudged her husband.

"Get up and say something," she said. "Don't you see Rheinheimer making another speech? Should you sit here and let him carry off honors like that? Get up, I say and make a little talk."

"I wouldn't do it," replied Goldberg, frowning at his clerk, who had forgotten his instructions. But when he saw the frown the orders of the chief came back to him. So he pounded on the table with much feigned enthusiasm and shouted, "Goldberg! Speech! Goldberg!"

Moses Goldberg waved his hand. "I got nothing to say," he declared. "I came here to eat and drink and have a good time, not to bore you with three or four speeches," taking a look at Rheinheimer. But Mr. Freund, still

acting under instructions, insisted with all the more noise that Mr. Goldberg say something.

Finally the great pawnbroker rose. "I don't know why you call on me, Herren and Damen," he said. "For why should I speak? But I yield to the clamorous demand. I been a business man doing more than any one in my line. At my place, 401 Bayard street, and I care nothing about public speaking like some do."

"I will say a few complimentary words about the bride. As you know, she is a relative of mine. I am glad she is finally married. I give her health to you for a toast."

"What is there in life, I like to ask you all? What is there in life? I said it again."

"Three things only, Herren and Damen, three things—we are born, we live, we die. Now apply those sentiments to the bride."

"She has been born—we all know that, because we are looking at her. She has lived. Oy, oy! How time flies! I knew her when she came to this country 40 years ago."

"Now she has been born and she has lived; what is there left to do to complete those three things mentioned by me?"

And just then Moses Goldberg noticed that the necklace which had been around the bride's neck and which he had been admiring all the evening and carefully watching was missing. It was then he exclaimed that Ignatz Einstein, the detective, must be called.

There was great commotion among the guests, and Rachmil Pippick, a visitor from Cincinnati, who seemed the coolest of the party, was sent to the nearest telephone to call Ignatz Einstein. He returned and reported that the sleuth would be with them in half an hour.

The guests sat around almost in silence; no more speeches were made; no more healths were drunk; they felt that a thief was among them, and glances were stolen at their own jewels and bands felt to see that watches were in place.

"Suddenly the door of the banquet room was thrown open with great energy. A wild-looking man stood there. His hair stuck up in every direction, a heavy, untanned beard covered the lower part of his face, a red handkerchief was around his neck.

Only for an instant did this odd-looking person stand in the doorway; then he rushed to a vacant chair at the head of the table alongside of Mr. Levi and his bride, jumped in the chair and waved his hands aloft.

"Bruder Leben!" said the wild one in thrilling tone. "I want dem door!" The wedding guests gazed at the

strange intruder in astonishment. What did he mean. Who was he?

Finally a small waiter, one of the servants, who stood near, said: "You got dem door."

The wild-looking man continued: "Bruder Leben! Who is it that has got all dem guter Gelt in der Welt? I stay still for a reply!"

No one said anything and the man added: "You won't tell me. Awer you all know. It is dem Rockfeller, dem Rocken feller. And who, Bruder Leben, upholds them in keeping all the money?" It is der President, dem Rosenfeld."

At this instant the bridegroom struck the orator a blow in the stomach, knocking him out of the chair, and two of the guests, Moshe Salt-peter and Ignatz Flugelman, of the Chocoms Club, hurried him out of the door and with great zeal kicked him down the stairs and into the street, where he sat on the sidewalk and refused to move for half an hour, marveling why they kicked him out of an Anarchists' meeting to which they had especially invited him to make a speech.

Meanwhile the meeting of Anarchists on the third floor of Boruch Hall was wondering what had become of Sholem Leviniski, the popular speaker, who had promised to appear and deliver an address.

Ignatz Einstein, the great detective, walked into the banquet hall and approached Moses Goldberg, whom he recognized. Goldberg greeted him with much pleasure.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"The bride has been robbed of a diamond necklace that was around her neck. She had it on when the feast opened, and while I was making a speech that it had disappeared. Oy, I like to have you get it back!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Goldberg, but who gave her this necklace?" asked Ignatz.

"Isador Levi, the Chosani, did, of course," replied the pawnbroker. "Who else should it be?"

"Then where is your interest?" Mr. Goldberg looked somewhat confused. His eyes sought those of the bridegroom, and, observing a menacing look, said that he could not explain fully, except to say that he was a friend of Mr. Levi, and a relative of the new Mrs. Levi.

"Suppose we go into a private room and talk it over," suggested the detective. "You and I Mr. Levi. I guess I can get to the bottom of it."

Moses Goldberg, Isador Levi and Ignatz Einstein went into the small room in the rear of the banquet hall and closed and locked the door. The

guests were requested very firmly by the detective to remain in their seats and not go out under any circumstances.

"Now, Mr. Goldberg," said Ignatz when the three were alone in the little room, "wherein is your interest in this necklace, for I see you have concealed something."

"I'll give you \$500 right in this hall if you put that necklace in my hands before you leave here," said Mr. Goldberg.

"I hope to earn the money," said Mr. Einstein, "but I will admit that I am mystified, and shall do nothing until I am fully informed about the case."

"I'm going to tell him everything," said Goldberg, as he looked at the doleful Levi. "A detective never tells anything, anyway. He's like a doctor—got to keep those things that you confide in him to himself. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Einstein said it was, and after a feeble waving of the hands Mr. Levi assented and told Mr. Goldberg to tell the story of the necklace.

"It was this way," said Mr. Goldberg. "I heard about the wedding, and I got to wondering what Levi could give his bride. I knew from his dealings with me that he had no money, and I also knew that he would wish to give her something costly in order—as you might say—to make a sort of splurge before all the folk at the wedding and banquet. So it did not surprise me one day last week when he came in and asked me if I had a present suitable for him to give his bride."

I showed him the diamond necklace, which is really worth about \$4,500, but which I think I can sell for \$7,000 if I add seven more stones to it. I said to him that I knew he did not have any money. He tried to make a bluff on me by saying that he did have money, that he would take the jewelry on approval. I said, 'It is no use Isador Levi, I know you got no money yourself, so how you going to take the necklace, even should you approve?'

He said he particularly wanted the bride to wear it at the wedding and the supper in order that the people might think he had given her a fine present, and it would not appear that he had married for money. 'But that don't help me any,' I said. 'What do I get out of it? Levi told me that he was going to borrow a lot of money from his wife right after the wedding. He said he would pay me for the necklace what I asked, and if he did not anyway he would give me \$200 for the loan of it.'

"I told him I was afraid it would be stolen or lost in some way, and he said I could have an invitation to the wedding and keep an eye on it during

the ceremony and at the banquet. I agreed to this and let him have it. Now I fear I lose it all if the necklace is gone."

Ignatz Einstein fixed his searching eyes on Mr. Levi and said:

"What do you know about this?" The necklace was on her neck in the early part of the night," said Levi. "I looked at it a couple of dozen times and had not noticed that it was gone until Mr. Goldberg called attention to it."

"Do you know where it is?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"No, I do not," said Levi with a disturbed manner.

"Isador Levi," replied Mr. Einstein, sternly, "give me that necklace. It is in the inside pocket in your dress waist coat."

Levi almost dropped to the floor as the great detective reached in the pocket he had mentioned and pulled out the necklace before the astonished and delighted eyes of Moses Goldberg.

"I knew," said Mr. Einstein, "before Mr. Goldberg had got half through his story that you, Levi, had taken the necklace, the only question would be where you had put it. I got from his statement the fact that it had not been taken out of the room by you, therefore it was somewhere on you. Had you reached to your shoe you would have been noticed; you might have placed it in your trousers pocket, but I observed that the trousers, like many where you had put it, had no pockets."

It was in either your coat or waistcoat. You reached several times into your inside coat pocket while we were in this room and took out a handkerchief; plainly it was not there, as had it been you would not remove the handkerchief, fearing that you would draw out the jewelry. The necklace, then, was in the inside pocket of your waistcoat. I noticed when you pulled your coat out, as you reached for the handkerchief that there was a small lump in the waistcoat pocket."

"I also believe that you have already asked your wife for money and that she refuses to give you a cent. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Levi in a low voice. "She says let her wait a month and see what kind of a husband I am. I swear, Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Einstein, that I did not intend to rob Mr. Goldberg of the necklace. I only wanted to get it and give it back to him before he went away. I was afraid he would speak about it and shame me before the people. When Rheinheimer made a speech proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom every one stood up, and so did Leah and I. We embraced each other, as is the custom, just as the people had their heads

tilted back and were drinking. While I had my both arms around her neck I unfastened the clasp of the necklace, and with one hand carefully removed it and placed it in my inside pocket. But I swear I meant to return it to Goldberg and later on arrange to pay him for the loan of it."

"I believe what you say," said Ignatz Einstein. "You have acted foolishly, but I understand your feelings. Here return Mr. Goldberg his necklace and shall withdraw without going through the hall, where I am sure to be asked many questions. I leave you to make what explanations you please. I suggest that you tell your bride that the necklace was of no value and was only a paste duplicate of one you had arranged to get. Later on when you get the money buy the necklace and present it to her. You will be only paying out her own money for what she evidently wants very much, and it is something that always will bring its price."

Mr. Einstein pocketed his reward and disappeared down the rear stairs leading to the cafe.

Almost Generous.

Two Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend.

Said Pat: "Sure, Casey was a good fellow."

"He was that," replied Mike. "A good fellow, Casey."

"And a cheerful man was Casey," said Pat.

"A cheerful man was Casey, the cheerfulness I ever knew," echoed Mike.

"Casey was a generous man, too," said Pat.

"Generous, you say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly," replied Mike, scratching his head. "One day he came into Flaherty's bar room, where me and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?'"

The Selection of Ties.

A man was buying a tie and carefully laid aside one or two as not worthy of consideration. The salesman picked out one of the rejects and placed it in a separate box, which prompted the buyer to ask if it had been placed with those he was looking at by mistake.

"Oh, no," was the response, "but we have orders when five or six men turn down a tie as they look over a box to take it out and put it aside."

"Then what becomes of it?"

"We sell them to women who come in here to buy ties for men."